

Shiverers for Beauty's Sake.

Pomponette, Out on a Cold Day.
Hears of the Victims of Fashion.

It was a midwinter day and bitterly cold. Almost everybody felt the cold, though some showed it more than others. One mounted policeman had on earmuffs. A very few men wore tip-tops, some wore those new knitted chest protectors, some turned up their coat collars and some wore around their necks a bare neck set off by furs around the shoulders.

As to the women folk, some wore furs close up around their necks, some wore lace necked gowns with no neck fur and carried muffs and some displayed a bare neck set off by furs around the shoulders.

For the first time Pomponette was really sorry for the feet. Her own chilly toes made her think that perhaps the other feet were cold too.

"Feet, aren't you cold?" she asked sympathetically.

"Cold! I should think we were!" answered the feet promptly. "We're just

was almost if not quite the most important dog anywhere around.

Then Pomponette's small toes began to feel cold and her spirits began to ebb, and she edged up closer to the particular pair of swiftly stepping black shod feet to which she belonged. She could feel these feet perfectly from a whole streetful of feet. They started from a narrow black velvet skirt edged with a wide band of fur and were covered by thin black silk stockings and a pair of low cut shoes with high heels and buckles.

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"AIN'T YOU COLD, THROAT?" ASKED POMPONETTE.

air and might have been expected to talk in blank verse, but as she passed she was heard to mutter between clenched teeth:

"That's her! She must know how cold I am and yet we're creeping along and I'm trained to keep close to her so that

ahead of us got out of the way and I have to guard the wagon from thieves and I have to call all the other dogs on the street and help master swear at the other drivers and I never know a cold minute all day long.

Then the other dogs passed on.



"MOLLYCODDLES!" SAID THE SCOTCH TERRIER.

I can't even warm up with a little exercise. I'd like to take that fur coat right off her back and put it on mine and then see how she'd feel about being out in the cold. I wonder what would happen if I broke away and went tearing down this crowded street as fast as I could run.

"I'll tell you what would happen," said a shrewd husky voice. "Mad dog scare panic, policeman. You'd be warm enough before you got through. But hoot, woman, look what's coming! Dig your heels!"

It was Maduff, the stocky Scotch terrier, who spoke, and what he saw was a French bull with a white knitted sweater on his body and a bristly collar around his neck, and a fat fox terrier with a blue cloth coat tied up with a bow on his back. Maduff pranced around them and then said:

"Gr-r-r! What mollycoddles! If I wouldn't be ashamed! Shows the sort of life you fellows lead. You probably sit by the fire all day and eat cake. If you got up in the morning and took your cold bath and rub and ate bones and puppy biscuit, you wouldn't need those ridiculous coats."

At this moment a little black and tan dog trotted with silver hairs about the head and wearing a thick sweater was passing. He hopped on three legs pitifully and showed his master all the symptoms that indicated cold.

"Take me up, master!" he whimpered. "Take me up, and wrap me in the thick shawl with just my nose and eyes out. I'm too old to begin this hardening process now. I just want to be kept warm for the rest of my days."

Just then a delivery wagon drew up to the curb on the side street at the corner. On its driving seat was a smart, rough dog, who leaned over as far as he could without falling off and barked violently.

"The trouble with you dogs is that you don't have to work for your living," he said. "Now me, I have to drive my own horse and I have to make the teams



TAKE ME UP, MASTER!

LIKED AMERICAN WOMEN.

And Sir Edwin Arnold Expressed His Sentiments in One Eloquent Word.

"Another literary man that I know who was very neat and methodical was Sir Edwin Arnold," says Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in "I Myself."

"He told me that on one occasion in America a newspaper reporter had extracted a long interview from him, and just at the end said: 'Now, Sir Edwin, what is your opinion of the American woman?'"

"An exhaustive subject," said Sir Edwin, "but I can dispose of it in one word. 'Atrium.'"

"And what," said the reporter, "does that mean?"

"It is 'Turkish,'" said Sir Edwin, "and means, Oh, Allah, make many more of them."

Protection for Frogs.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

William Dickinson, Madison county representative in the lower house of the Illinois legislature, has declared his intention of obtaining a revision of the State game laws which will make it a crime to kill or capture a frog until after June 1 each year.

GOOD PROFIT IN PINEAPPLES

WOMAN WHO WENT SOUTH FOR HEALTH HAS PROSPERED.

An Original Outlay of \$1,000 Yields Now an Income of \$2,000—Hardest Work Comes at the Time of Picking—Fertilizers Constitute the Chief Expense.

"The first acre I planted in pineapples has been in bearing nearly seven years and has given me an average yearly profit of between \$200 and \$300," said a woman who less than ten years ago was ordered by her physician to give up her work in the public schools of Massachusetts and go south for her health.

"It was economy more than anything else that took me to West Palm Beach the first year I went down. I heard of a boarding place for nearly half the amount I was paying at a more fashionable resort. Having always had a curiosity to see pineapples growing, I visited one of the largest commercial plantations near Palm Beach. There I saw immense fields covered with sheds. With my New England ideas I thought at once of the cost of those sheds and naturally how much cheaper it would be to plant below the frost line.

"Soon after reaching West Palm Beach I made a short trip into the country and visited the first pinery I had ever seen where a shed was not necessary. Having been born and brought up on a New England farm, and a rocky farm at that, I was still surprised to find that there was planting land in the world as rocky as that pinery. It was very different from the rocky land to which I had been accustomed, for instead of hard flint the Florida land has crumbling porous rock. It wasn't so much the abundance of the rocks that astonished me as the scarcity of the soil in a new field which had only just been set with pines. As it was only a continuation of a field on which the pines were flourishing there couldn't be any doubt about its suitability.

"That year I devoted myself to learning about pineapple culture. Knowing that the chances were against my being well enough to spend my winters in the North I decided it might be wise for me to try some way of making a living. Contrary to my expectations instead of the heat forcing me to go north in the early part of April I remained until after the first week in June. However hot it may be in the interior of Florida on the coast to the distance I should say of ten miles the summers are not only bearable but pleasant. By staying so late I had an opportunity of seeing the pines gathered and shipped, and also of getting the exact figures of the financial returns.

"The next winter when the doctor repeated his order for me to go South I determined to put half of my small savings in the purchase of a few acres of land. After three months spent in looking around I finally decided on ten acres a few miles out from Miami. It was part of a large tract all of which was for sale at the time, and because I was hadn't been a bidder for the entire tract the owner was willing to sell it in parcels at a small advance on an acre. If I could have taken the whole body I should have had to pay about seven dollars an acre. Buying only ten acres, I paid ten dollars an acre. That was considered a pretty high price, especially when the only improvement was a negro cabin of one small room.

"That year I had two acres cleared, the two about the little negro cabin. And although I had no idea of it when the work of clearing began I soon decided to make that little one room hut the kitchen of my Southern home. By so doing I had the best of the pine trees cut from the land and I had plenty of logs to build what in that section is known as a double pen log house. This is a room with a passageway between them. After my plans were all drawn the mistress of the house where I boarded suggested that it might be almost as cheap and much more comfortable if I built my house high enough to allow of an upper floor. Her suggestion carried the day. When I returned North the following summer I left behind me the outside shell of a four roomed log house with a kitchen and pantry to be attached.

"The next fall I went South in the first week in October. The place had already come into my mind without the prospect of my getting a cent in return without spending at least as much more. As the whole amount of my savings was less than a thousand dollars you see how necessary it was for me to save. With the understanding that we would go to the place to live as soon as the house could be made habitable, a widowed sister with her two children consented to go with me. At the first sight of the place I believed all my money and time wasted. It looked to me as if the entire two acres was as overgrown with brush and weeds as it had been when I bought it. I thought, this proved to be an exaggerated idea of the true condition. It was necessary for me to spend ten precious dollars to get the land cleared. The first clearing had cost me \$10 an acre.

"Just one week from the time we landed in Miami with our household belongings we moved out to my place. The floor was laid over the entire lower floor, the rooms and the hallway between, and the spaces between the logs boarded over to within a foot or so of the eaves. My plan was to have the second story finished and the whole house ceiled as soon as we could get a carpenter and the lumber. In the meantime I felt it was necessary to get out there for the sake of having my pinery planted as well as for saving the money paid out for board. We did save money and we did get the pinery set in about one-half the time we would have not been on hand to help and overlook the negroes who did the planting. The disappointing feature of that season's experience was that it was not until the middle of May that we succeeded in getting a carpenter to finish the house. Whenever there was a rain-storm in which the rain didn't fall straight down we had to move our furniture to the side of the rooms away from the rain.

"In spite of numerous inconveniences and setbacks, when the time came for us to return to the North in the next June I had an acre and a half set in grapefruit with an acre of pineapples. Had I known as much as I now do I would have planted the two together. As it was I set out my grapefruit and where the soil permitted cultivated vegetables and strawberries. This not only supplied our table in abundance but gave me enough of the earlier varieties to sell to a shipper whose farm was less than a mile away. Of course the price he paid me was much below what I would have received could I have shipped them direct myself. However, it was much better than having them go to waste and went a good way toward paying the hire of the negro man who did the heavy part of the work.

"This experience that year was \$42 a month over and above the cost of pine-

apple suckers, young grapefruit trees and fertilizers. This included the wages of our negro man, to whom I paid \$20 a month. The pineapple suckers were the best grade and cost \$5 a thousand. I set out only 8,000 on the first acre, though on all land I have set since then I have put between 12,000 and 15,000. In setting that first acre of pines I made my beds fifteen feet wide with twelve foot wide walks between. After planting I strewed a mixture of dried horse and sheep manure, potash broadcast over the field and the rains soon washed it down into the soil and the axils of the leaves, where there is always some decay. The next year I were set. I harvested my first crop. There were 8,000 best grade pines, and after the cost, price of land, as well as price of suckers and cost of planting, cultivating, harvesting and crating, my profit was in the neighborhood of \$45.

"After the first year the chief expense is fertilizers. I give my trees a good dressing each year, just when they are showing that blossoming, and the cost is between \$50 and \$75. Because of the amount of rock it is impossible to give any fertilizer, land cultivation. The first two years I had considerable difficulty in keeping down the weeds. Now I mulch my pines with pine needles. This keeps the weeds down and retards the drainage. Pines must be reset every six years, and I prefer the colony method, that is, setting out in spots as the pines have become unfruitful. In this way the field is kept in continual use without causing a deterioration of either the quantity, size or quality of the fruit. Though I now grow several fancy varieties the red Spanish is the kind I depend on principally.

"Usually pineapples blossom during January and February and are harvested from April to June. While setting out the pines is not a difficult task, nor is keeping the weeds down to be dreaded, when it comes to harvesting you must make up your mind to hard rough work. When the field is a new one there is some chance of getting off with a few square inches of unscratched skin on your legs and arms, but in an old field that is never to be expected. Canvas leggings and mittens are worn by all pickers. The rule in picking is never to gather a pine until it has attained its full growth. If you do it will rot before ripening. Break it so as to leave an inch of stem which it is to be hung for twenty-four hours before crating for shipment. In harvesting one man usually does the picking and throws each pine to another man who stands in the walk between the lanes or beds. On my little place my sister and I take the place of the second man. Care should always be taken not to break off the leaves of plants, as it is very injurious to them.

"For home use we allow the pines to become dead ripe before picking, and unless you have eaten quite a lot you have no idea of the flavor or juiciness of the fruit. At first we sold the culms to the canneries, but now we have a preserving and jam making plant of our own. Here we use up all unsalable fruit and add considerably to the profits of our small place. Although my original outlay was less than \$1,000 I now have a comfortable home with a farm that gives me an income of more than \$2,000 in money, besides all the fruits and vegetables that we can possibly consume. Two years ago I made an addition to my house, putting four frame rooms in front of the original structure. I have also built a small house for the negroes employed on the place and a stable with sheds for vehicles and a garage. While none of these things costily enhance the value and comfort of the place. All of my ten acres are now under cultivation and when my citrus fruit comes into full bearing I expect my income to be nearly doubled. Now instead of going South for the winter, I usually come North for two or three months each summer, though I once passed two whole years of my life with perfect comfort without injury to my health."

MISS THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A Traveller Finds the Electric Motor Uninteresting in Comparison.

"Whenever I get out of a train at the Grand Central or the New Pennsylvania station I can't help missing the old locomotive," said a traveller. "Ever since I was a child one of the pleasures of a railroad journey was to look over the locomotive which had been pulling my train, but somehow I don't get this pleasure out of the electric motor.

"The trouble with the motor seems to be that it's too businesslike, it is plain and prosaic beside the old locomotive. Why you can't even see the driving wheels, and might as well be looking at a huge soapbox for all the interesting parts you can see.

"From habit, I suppose, I always look to see what's been pulling me when I finish a railroad ride, but when I see one of these motors at the Pennsylvania station I sigh for the old locomotive it has displaced. The motor doesn't make a sound after it gets in, just as though it had been no exertion at all to pull you under the river, but how different the locomotive! You always find it panting away like some living being, getting its breath as it were. Then there's the engineer leaning out of his cab window watching the travellers leave his train, the vitalizer of the whole thing. You don't feel so drawn to the motorman somehow.

"Doubtless the motor is the superior of the locomotive in many ways, but it never will be as interesting and with its coming seems to have gone some of the romance of railroading for the traveller. A romance which centred in the engine. I guess there are others just like myself who miss this feature when they arrive at New York."

THE THIRSTY TRADE.

Occupations Which It Is Said, Predispose to Drinking.

From the London Daily Chronicle.

An address was delivered yesterday at a meeting of the Society of Medical Officers of Health on the relation of public health to industrial diseases by Dr. W. F. Dearden, medical officer of health to the port of Manchester.

Dr. Dearden said that alcoholism appeared to be a certain trade in the exercise of its deleterious effect. Workingmen subjected to excessive heat, as in glass works and rubber works, were on account of the thirst created addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks and suffered accordingly.

There were also certain outdoor occupations involving exposure to vicissitudes of the weather which had a similar influence, and the alcoholic tendency of printers, hatters and shoemakers was well known. Indulgence in this vice was workmen engaged in certain unhealthy occupations was highly infectious. Waterproof cloth spreaders, who were subjected to naphtha fumes, were very rapidly affected by alcohol and it was very common for suicidal ideas to be entertained by them.

The rapid breakdown through alcohol of men engaged in arduous occupations was well illustrated in the iron and shipbuilding trades.

Insufficient air space and bad ventilation had a distinct influence on the creation of lassitude in workers through reduced respiration and impaired muscular tissue, so that an excess of this blood, associated with the products of muscle activity and deficient in oxygen, readily explained the tiredness of a worker subjected to these conditions and his consequent inability to get through his work in a satisfactory manner.

Further, arduous occupations, such as cutting in shipbuilding, and the severe strain on the muscular powers and work in compressed air should only be executed during short periods. In certain dangerous processes also short working shifts were highly essential.

STORIES OF CLOSE FINISHES

AND OF NOTABLE DECISIONS MADE AT THE RACE TRACK.

Horses Placed Satisfactorily by a Man Who Didn't See the Race—Famous Kentucky Colonel Sues for One Thing Complaints of Losers Against Judges.

"I noticed," said the veteran trainer, "that there was some dissatisfaction with the placing of the horses the other day at one of the Southern tracks. Every now and then some of the public who a not on the finishing line find fault with the decisions of the judges. Generally it is their money that does the talking."

"It is amusing to hear the yawn of the loser who always professes his real complaint by the statement that he was right on the line and so on and so on by a good big head. Now, as a matter of fact, persons like the judges and the stewards are in a position accurately to determine the positions of the horses in a close finish, and when it comes right down to bedrock the stewards are not strictly competent to say which horse is first, second or third, especially when the contestants are widely separated, as they are above the heads of the horses.

"Take the case of half a dozen horses battling nose and nose in the last sixth of a mile, the man who doesn't draw a bead on the white line which marks the finishing point on the opposite side of the track, driving the sight from the iron rod at the outer confines of the stand is simply guessing. With the judges on a line and sighting as above there is no chance for error, provided always of course that you know the colors and the horses.